

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1908.

NO. 21

ALLEGED BURGLARS OF POSTOFFICE IN COUNTY JAIL

Frank Smith, while Drunk, Tells Story of How the Local Postoffice was Blown Open and Robbed

Four men whose names are John McDonald, James Anderson, Thos. Quinn and Frank Smith were arrested a few days ago by Sheriff Robt. Chatham and Deputies F. T. Bartlett and E. Daneri on suspicion of being the men who robbed the local postoffice several weeks ago and locked up in the County Jail at Redwood City.

Frank Smith, who is a confirmed thief and vagrant, having been sent from this and other townships to the County Jail for various offenses, while drunk told officers while under arrest on a charge of vagrancy how the postoffice safe was blown open and the amount of money that was stolen, as well as where certain government papers were hidden, which corresponded exactly with what Postmaster E. E. Cunningham and Government Inspectors only knew.

Anderson, it is said, is the leader of the gang and a desperate criminal. He has served time before.

Sheriff Chatham made a clever arrest of McDonald, a desperate ex-convict on the 15th instant. Having received word that two men, suspected of the Millbrae and South San Francisco burglaries, were camped near La Honda, the sheriff went over there and meeting a man on the road asked him to ride. As the man got into the buggy Chatham recognized him and inquired if his name was McDonald. Taken unawares, the man acknowledged it was and the handcuffs were snapped on him. After arresting McDonald, the sheriff found that he was armed with a revolver. If he had not got his man first as he did Chatham might have had a tough fight of it, as McDonald is an ex-convict with a very bad record as a desperate man.

It is claimed that Quinn, one of the arrested men, had nothing whatever to do with the burglaries.

No date has been set for preliminary examinations of the men.

SAD ENDING OF AN ESTIMABLE WOMAN

District Attorney J. J. Bullock's Wife, After Suffering Several Months From a Painful Complaint, Dies at Beresford, This County.

Mrs. Isabella Bullock, wife of District Attorney J. J. Bullock, died at Beresford, this county, last Saturday, where they had been residing for the past year.

Mrs. Bullock was 43 years of age and was born at San Jose where she grew to womanhood. She was married to Mr. Bullock about a year ago.

For several weeks Mrs. Bullock suffered from a painful complaint, and it was thought up to a few days before her death that she was recovering, but a relapse took place which caused her demise.

The funeral took place last Tuesday from the family residence at Beresford where services were conducted by Rev. Clark of Redwood City, which were attended by county officials and relatives and friends.

The funeral cortege proceeded to San Mateo where a funeral car was boarded for Cypress Lawn Cemetery where the interment was made.

The pall bearers were: Judge Troutt, of San Francisco, P. P. Chamberlain, Geo. C. Ross, J. H. Coleman, Geo. H. Kendall and Guy P. Hull.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Bullock leaves to mourn her loss her aged mother, three daughters by a former husband, and a brother.

The relatives have the sympathy of scores of friends in the peninsula section.

EDITOR SWIFT OF DEMOCRAT MAKES A FEW REMARKS

Is Somewhat Concerned Over Losing Contract to Publish Delinquent Tax List of This County

The following article appeared in this week's issue of the Redwood City Democrat:

"The Democrat is paying the price of fidelity to the people. Its charge of county misgovernment; has brought down upon its head the wrath of the Board of Supervisors, or at least a majority of that august and intelligent body. And it has come to pass that as a consequence this paper is absolutely shut out and prohibited from doing business with the county as a contractor. Yesterday, in response to a call issued by the board for proposals for publishing the Delinquent Tax List, this paper presented a fair and legal bid for doing the work, which when opened proved to be at a price of 30 cents per square lower than the next lowest offer. Its terms were so plain that even a supervisor might understand them, yet upon a pretext idiotic though ingenious, the offer of this paper was rejected and the contract given to the higher bidder."

Now, Bro. Swift, let us look into this matter of publishing the delinquent tax list in a calm, dispassionate manner, and then decide which newspaper submitted the lowest bid. Following,

as you well know, are the bids that the supervisors acted upon:

Redwood City Democrat—95 cents per square for the full time of four insertions.

Times-Gazette—75 cents per square, first insertion; 50 cents each subsequent insertion.

Burlingame Advance—35 cents per square each insertion.

South San Francisco ENTERPRISE—50 cents per square, first insertion, and 25 cents each subsequent insertion, said tax list to be set in nonpareil type.

Again, Bro. Swift, after a careful reading, you will note that THE ENTERPRISE bid states what size type the list will be set in, which means plainly what it says.

Now, Bro. Swift, honest, is your bid the lowest? Didn't you expect to publish the tax list in a larger size type when you wrote your bid? Why didn't you explain what you meant by writing it in the bid instead of "explaining" after the bids were opened?

Now, in conclusion, Bro. Swift, we believe that you will acknowledge that your bid was vague and indefinite, and that ours stated just exactly what should be stated in a bid of that character.

THE LYCEUM STOCK COMPANY TO RETURN

The Lyceum Stock Company of Chicago offers at its next performance, Tuesday evening, May 26th, in this city, the great American play, "The Young Mrs. Winthrop." This is by Bronson Howard, the foremost American playwright, and has had phenomenal runs in the East, having run more than an entire year in New York City alone. The beauty of the play is the moral it points, and its simple heart story. Manager Hall promises the strongest aggregation of players for this production that he has yet brought to this city. It has been a matter of regret in the past that more hearty support has not been accorded this excellent organization, and, taking the character of the performance, and the popular prices in vogue, it is hard to understand this apathy. Here one can see the latest successes of the day at fair prices without the inconvenience of a long trip to and from the city. South San Franciscans have had a number of opportunities to witness the many excellent performances of the organization Manager Hall has from time to time brought here, and if a continuation of these performances is desired, it is fully expected that more

enthusiasm will be shown, otherwise this city will have to be stricken off the theatrical map altogether.

Proprietor Martin has made extensive alterations, which now allow of the most extensive productions, and these productions were made with the expectation that it would have the hearty support of the local theatre loving people.

Among the new people who will be seen next Tuesday is a pretty California girl in the person of Miss Madeline Delmar. This young lady, though a Los Angeles product, has been playing theatrically in San Francisco for the past two seasons. Two years ago she was awarded the prize as the most beautiful girl in Southern California, and in this connection has had many similar honors heaped on her. Her work has a delightful freshness which is a pleasure to see. She has been likened by many to Grace George, whom she strikingly resembles. Next Tuesday she essays the role of the blind sister Edith.

Miss Virginia Carpenter, who made such an unqualified success on the occasion of the performance of the company, will be seen in the role of the unhappy wife. It is a part she has given with much success in other cities.

Mr. Julien Wagenet, Mr. Ernest Lee and other favorites of the company have prominent roles, and will be seen to advantage.

A sterling performance of a splendid play is promised, and the earnest support of all theatre goers in this city is asked, so that we may give Manager Hall an incentive to include this city on his permanent list of bookings.

VETERANS TO ATTEND ST. PAULS CHURCH SUNDAY EVENING

The local veterans of the Great Rebellion are to attend a service held in St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday evening, May 24th, commencing at 8 o'clock. The veterans will be given a special sermon by the Rev. Edwin D. Kizer, pastor of the church. The annual Memorial Day occurs the Saturday following this date, and it is a usual custom for the old soldiers to attend a religious service on the Sunday preceding the commemoration. The Rev. Mr. Kizer has selected for his theme: "A Message to the Veterans." Quite a number of the veterans have settled in South San Francisco and neighboring towns, and a large attendance is desired, both of the old soldiers themselves and members of their families and sympathizers. In their honor people of all creeds should assemble to do and demonstrate that the brave actions of '61 and '65 are still green in the memories of loyal Americans.

Real Estate Transfers.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company to Santo Rosaia, lot 34, block 70, map South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company.

Fred A. Cunningham and wife to Alfonso Locatelli, lot 38, block 133, Buckingham's Subdivision, South San Francisco.

Have you noticed there are all kinds of fresh fruit and vegetables every day at Lind's Market.

Subscribe for THE ENTERPRISE.

INTERESTING THEME TO BE PRESENTED

"The Carpenter" is the subject of the morning sermon of the Rev. Edwin D. Kizer, at St. Pauls Church tomorrow. He will, during the course of the sermon, treat of the relation of Christ to labor and its environs.

A representative attendance is urged at this service as the theme to be considered is one of immediate interest. A cordial invitation to all is extended. Service at 11 a. m.

A large assortment of Boys' Suits just received, \$2.00 up, at Schneider's.

Ladies' Summer Skirts \$1.00 up at Schneider's.

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South San Francisco, San Mateo County, Cal.

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P. N. LILIENTHAL, President. C. F. HAMSHER, Cashier.

South San Francisco

Railroad Time Table

BAY SHORE CUTOFF.

NORTHBOUND TRAINS.

6:13 A. M.
6:30 A. M.
7:23 A. M.

(Except Sunday)

7:43 A. M.
8:43 A. M.
9:23 A. M.
10:08 A. M.
12:53 P. M.
3:03 P. M.
5:23 P. M.
6:20 P. M.
6:33 P. M.
7:03 P. M.
7:15 P. M.
9:48 P. M.

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS.

5:40 A. M.
6:37 A. M.
7:17 A. M.
8:40 A. M.
10:57 A. M.
11:57 A. M.
1:17 P. M.
2:20 P. M.
3:37 P. M.
4:37 P. M.
5:25 P. M.

(Except Sunday)

5:57 P. M.
6:25 P. M.
6:47 P. M.
12:02 P. M.

(Theatre Train)

SHUTTLE SERVICE

From San Francisco via Valencia Street and to San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff.

6:30 a. m.
6:20 p. m.
7:15 p. m.
(except Sunday)

From San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff and to San Francisco via Valencia Street.

5:40 a. m.
(except Sunday)
5:25 p. m.
(except Sunday)
6:25 p. m.

POST OFFICE.

Post Office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Mails leave Post Office thirty minutes before trains.

* NORTHBOUND DISPATCH.

11:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.
6:00 P. M.

† SOUTHBOUND DISPATCH.

6:30 A. M.
11:00 A. M.
3:00 P. M.

* Mails from south arrive.

† Mails from north arrive.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

County Officials

Judge Superior Court..... G. H. Buck
Treasurer..... P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector..... C. L. McCracken
District Attorney..... J. J. Bullock
Assessor..... C. D. Hayward
County Clerk..... Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder..... John F. Johnston
Sheriff..... Robert Chatham
Auditor..... Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools..... Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Adm..... Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor..... James B. Neuman
Health Officer..... D. B. Plymire, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor..... Julius Elkerenkotter
Justice of the Peace..... A. McSweeney
Constable..... Bob Carroll
Postmaster..... E. E. Cunningham
School Trustees..... Tom Mason, Duray Smith

St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church

(Cor. Grand and Maple Aves., one block from Post Office.)

Regular Sunday services—Sermons at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School classes for all ages at 10:00 a. m. Epworth League of C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer service Wednesday at 8 p. m. The public is made cordially welcome at all our services.

"A home-like church."

EDWIN D. KIZER, Pastor.

Lots at \$250.00 Each.

We have for sale a limited number of cottage lots, centrally located, near railroad station, on sewer street, in South San Francisco, at the very low price of \$250 each. Terms easy. Apply to E. E. Cunningham & Co., Postoffice Building.

The Ingenuity of Agatha.

By A. W. KOENIG.

Copyright, 1907, by A. W. Koenig.

"IT'S of no use, and it might just as well be in Halifax as in my barnyard," said Ebenezer Hankins to himself. "It ain't good for anything, and, what's more, I'm sure it never will be."

Old Farmer Hankins stood looking down in evident disgust at the water trough and faucet which had just been placed in his barnyard by order of the officials of the little town of Milldale. Not a drop of water came through the faucet, although it was wide open. When the town officials applied to Farmer Hankins for permission to dig a ditch and lay a water main through his farm on the way from the springs above to the village below he told them that he did not need any of the water, and he could not understand why he should have his property damaged and all dug up merely to benefit somebody else unless he should receive a substantial and an adequate financial return. The water commissioner of the village, big, brawny Hezekiah Banks, declared that he would resort to the law with Farmer Hankins. To this Farmer Hankins replied that if he chose he might "take the law and wallop him as much as he pleased."

While sitting on Farmer Hankins' fence he had argued with the old man the greater part of a whole day on the wonderful benefit it would be to the people of the village and that Farmer Hankins could not do anything better than would bring him so many friends. In fact, he would become a public benefactor. The village was poor and could not very well afford to go to any great expense in the matter of paying for the right of way. However, all argument was useless, said Farmer Hankins. The farmers were always being swindled in every way by unfeeling corporations, and he'd be just as foolish as the rest of them if he were to follow their lead, just like a "passel o' sheep." It was at this time that a would be arbitrator appeared on the scene, Agatha Banks, the charming daughter of the water commissioner, so fair and so very sensible that Hiram Hankins, the stirring son of the old man who owned the farm, had been suspected for over a year of caring more for her than any other girl in Milldale or any of the surrounding towns. One afternoon shortly after her father's failure to come to terms with Farmer Hankins she rode over to the scene of contention with her father and sat for quite a long time in the carriage intently listening, with a sorrowful expression on her face, to the conversation of the two uncompromising men. Finally she made a proposition.

"Mr. Hankins," she said very sweetly, "if the town would put a nice water trough here in your barnyard and furnish it with a faucet, so that you could

one there himself without the assistance of the town.

"But you haven't got the spring, have you?" Agatha asked innocently. So this settled Farmer Hankins' argument on the point. It was a fact that his farm was destitute of springs, so that when, as always happened in summer during the dry seasons, the wells on his farm failed his place was as dry as the desert of Sahara.

"Well, I'll have to think about it," said Farmer Hankins. "I ain't one of the kind to make up my mind in a hurry. You'd be willin' to do that, wouldn't you, Hez?"

"Why, it's really more than I ought to do," replied the commissioner, "but if you'll say right now that you'll accept the proposition made by Agatha I think we can close the bargain now. Tomorrow I might not want to do it."

"All right. So far as I am concerned it don't make no difference to me," said Farmer Hankins, with a tone of independence in his voice which immediately brought the commissioner to terms.

"I didn't propose it," said Hezekiah, "but I always stand by what Agatha says I must, and I will now."

At this remark Hiram Hankins felt his heart leap within him as Agatha gave him one of her most approving glances, and their carriage drove away. All that evening, while the two were doing the chores, Hiram labored with his father in behalf of the water trough. It was a joy to both of the young people when the next day Farmer Hankins allowed that he guessed they might go ahead with the laying of their pipe line. The water trough was duly installed in the barnyard, and the faucet was attached. Then, when everything was in readiness, on a certain day the water from the spring was let into the main. It leaped into the pipe and went rushing down to give joy to the townspeople, but not a single drop of water came through the half inch pipe which rose up from the main pipe five feet below to the trough in Farmer Hankins' barnyard.

Farmer Hankins then knew it was a conspiracy against him and the town officials never meant to do as they had agreed. Hezekiah Banks always was a rascal, and he might have known better than to trust him. But at the same time it was just as much of a puzzle to the water commissioner as to Farmer Hankins himself why the water went so scornfully past the water trough. He went all over the line himself, peering into the faucet and listening with his ear close to its mouth in the vain effort to solve the problem. Then, to satisfy himself that the work of laying the pipe and making the connections had been properly done, he ordered that the earth all be dug away and the pipe thoroughly examined. Everything was found to be right and no defect anywhere.

Finally an engineer from the neighboring city was engaged, and after very carefully examining the line he decided that, the spring being so much higher than the trough, the water came through the main pipe with such tremendous force that it had no time to stop at Farmer Hankins' farm. Some were so skeptical as to this man's judgment, however, that another engineer of still higher reputation was summoned. His verdict was that the spring, instead of being higher than the trough, was, in fact, much lower; therefore there was not enough force from the spring to push the water up through the faucet.

"Now it's my turn to see what the law 'll do," said Farmer Hankins. "They promised me water, and they've got to furnish it."

Some one reminded the old farmer that the commissioner had only agreed to furnish the trough and the faucet and that the supplying of the water was not in the contract. It was a very perplexing situation. The town must either be deprived of water or the trough must be supplied with it, and Farmer Hankins brought suit against the town officials. And now Hiram and Agatha were in trouble again. What would become of their hopes and prospects for the future if matters went on like this?

"I know there must certainly be some way to get water into that trough," Agatha declared. "If I had half the knowledge some folks think they have it seems to me I could fix it."

Agatha suddenly developed a decided taste for studying water in its relation to supplying cities and towns through the medium of the gravity system. When all others would be sound asleep she would be poring over books bearing on the subject which she borrowed from the city library. Then she made numerous visits to the spring. She measured the distance between the spring and another, larger, farther up in the village, on the hillside, as accurately as she could with her eye.

Still further to complicate matters Farmer Hankins forbade his son Hiram from ever visiting Agatha again.

"We will have nothin' to do with them," he said. "They're a bad lot. I don't know as I really ever heard of anything that Hezekiah Banks had done before this, and I used to think

I'd like well enough to have Agatha for a daughter, but this thing's enough to convince me that you never would have a minute's peace if you married her—a chip of the old block."

Hezekiah in the meantime declared that Hiram never must darken his doorstep again. "Good enough fellow, but what's bred in the bone will surely tell."

So matters remained thus for several weeks until it was almost time for the trial of Farmer Hankins' suit. On the night before the day of the trial Farmer Hankins was very restless and could get no sleep. He had always boasted that he never sued a man or had been sued in his life, but now the record was to be broken. While tossing on his pillow shortly after the clock had struck 12 he heard a very peculiar noise that seemed to be near the house, upon the hillside. The oftener he heard it the more mystified and curious he became. He looked out of his window, and the full moon was shining brightly, and by the aid of its beams he could clearly distinguish a

man's form standing near the spring on the side of the hill, while from the ditch he heard the sounds which disturbed his slumbers. He dressed as quickly as he could and went out, creeping along the fence until he was within hearing distance.

"Now, Agatha, it's about time you get out of that ditch," he heard a voice say. "That's too hard work for you."

"All right, Hiram, but I think your hands are too sore to dig any more," was the answer Farmer Hankins heard coming from the ditch.

"I'll bet yours are blistered all over, Agatha. This old ditch will kill us all, I guess."

"Oh, they'll get over it, even if they are blistered," came back the voice from the ditch clear and loud. "I have made up my mind that we will see the end of this before we go back home."

Then Farmer Hankins sprang toward the spot and looked down, with astonished face, into the ditch. There Agatha stood, with pick in hand and her face flushed red as fire.

"In the name of common sense, chil-

Continued on Page 7

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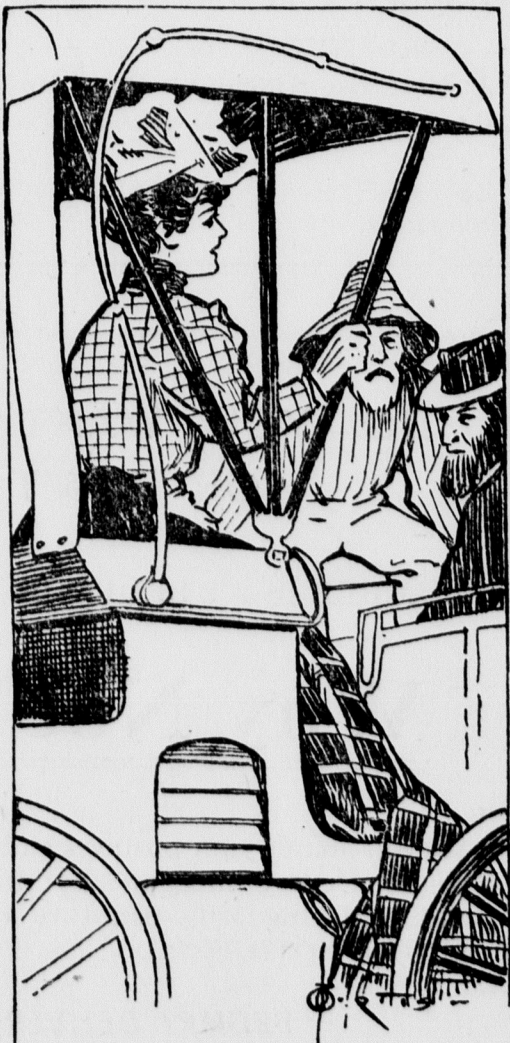
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South City Printing Company

SOUTH CITY, SAN MATEO CO.

We print The Enterprise



"MR. HANKINS," SHE SAID VERY SWEETLY, have all the water you need all the year round, would you not be satisfied to allow them to lay the pipe line through your farm?"

Farmer Hankins thought that Agatha never looked prettier in all her life, but at the same time he was not to be so easily captured. If he wanted a water trough, he thought he could have put

To Manufacturers

The earthquake did but little damage to South San Francisco. The industries located here, the Western Meat Company, the Wool Pullery, the Butler Brick Company, the Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, the Steiger Pottery Works, the W. P. Fuller White Lead Works, and other enterprises, are all in full operation to-day. Not one of them having suffered any serious impairment by reason of the earthquake.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company planned South San Francisco as a manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. With that object in view they originally purchased 3500 acres of land in San Mateo county on the bay front five miles south of the City of San Francisco, and have developed their property so that to-day they possess perfected nearly every feature desired by manufacturers.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Is a railroad terminal; it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad and accessible to all railroads; has deep water communication; owns and operates for its industries, a railroad connecting with the Southern Pacific and the water front; has electric street car service from factory to town and direct to San Francisco; has an Electric Light and Power Company; owns an independent water works, and has an abundance of fresh water for factory and house; has wharves and docks; a perfect sewerage system; a bank; a town hall; and a population of 3000 people; an extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FACTORY SITES

Can be obtained from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company on most reasonable terms.

The American Smelting and Refining Company recently purchased from this Company 200 acres of land and are on the ground to-day arranging for the immediate construction of a plant costing upward of \$5,000,000. This means a vast increase in population, and a great augmentation for the benefit of all industries of every detail pertaining to rail and water communication.

For Manufacturing Purposes South San Francisco Has No Equal on San Francisco Bay.

PARTIES DESIRING LOCATIONS SHOULD APPLY TO

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South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County, - - - - - California

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
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Everett I. Woodman, Manager.

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One Year, in advance \$2 00
Six Months " 1 00
Three Months " 50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office on Linden Avenue near Bank.

SATURDAY MAY 23, 1908

To a man behind the scenes it looks as if the tariff would cut a very little figure in the coming campaign. A desperate effort will be made to force it to the front, but the real issue to be fought out will be between the forces of conservatism and radicalism, and the victory will be with the conservatives and not with the men who follow Debs, Bryan and Hearst.—S. F. Chronicle.

The tariff, the currency and other financial and economic questions have been given a back seat as pointed out by this little country newspaper sometime ago.

The Chronicle seems at last to have found out that even the tariff is not too sacred to be set aside. The Chronicle has still more to find out. When Mike DeYoung has concluded his lament over the overthrow of Boss McNab and has realized that the days of Boss Herrin and sundry other big and little bosses are numbered and nearing their ending, he may come to understand that the real issue is between the forces who stand for clean government and the forces who stand for the side of corruption. This is the only issue. In putting Taft at the front on the one side and Bryan upon the other, the people have dealt a death blow to the Chronicle's cherished and beloved conservatives.

BASEBALL NEWS.

The Langenbachs will play the Burlingames tomorrow afternoon on the Burlingame grounds. The game will start at 2:30 sharp. Dr. J. C. McGovern will act as umpire. Local baseball fans and players will leave here on the 1 o'clock car. The battery for the Langenbachs will be Peterson and Logue. Manager Haaker has signed up a leaguer by the name of Harrison Fox for third base. T. J. Gerrity will play short stop. Johnny Meyers will play center field in place of M. Silva and J. Menize and DuBois will have to fight for right field. The rest of the line up will be the same.

In speaking of the proposition of having baseball grounds in South San Francisco, Manager Haaker says, "Soon as the merchants and the improvement club of South San Francisco can supply us with a diamond we will be able to get teams to come here, which will help to advertise this place. The cost of preparing a diamond will be small, but the club is not able to assume the expense alone."

INCORPORATION.

The South San Francisco incorporation petition was laid over by the Board of Supervisors at its meeting last Wednesday until the first meeting in June, when final action will be taken.

Latest Standard Fashions on sale at Schneiders.

Call and see the beautiful dinner sets that Schneider is giving away free.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

Residents of South San Francisco are asked to furnish this office with any news items that they know of from time to time. There is a letter box attached to our front door, in which written items can be placed. Please write on one side of paper and sign your name to it. THE ENTERPRISE desires to print all the local happenings, and the people of South San Francisco can be of material help.

J. Logan, of the Mission Street Tract, near Vista Grande, was in town last Tuesday.

Theodore Lafayette, of Vista Grande, was a visitor to South San Francisco on Tuesday.

C. Conklin, of San Francisco, was a visitor to South San Francisco on Wednesday.

Supervisor of John McBain, of Menlo Park, was a visitor to South San Francisco on Friday.

The Southern Pacific Company is putting in the gates at the Grand Avenue crossing and are now preparing plans for the new depot.

J. Pacheco is building a new cement sidewalk in front of his place of business at the northeast corner of Grand and San Bruno Avenues.

Daniel Hyland, who, for the past three years, has been working at Lind's Meat Market, left here Tuesday morning for an enjoyable time at San Jose.

Thos Ahkman, Jr., of San Francisco, formerly a resident of this town, was a visitor here on Wednesday looking after property interests. Mr. Ahkman contemplates going into business here soon.

Machinery is constantly arriving for the new steel plant and sheet metal works. The heads of this new industry are expected here from the East about June 15th.

The boulevard is being macadamized at the head of Chestnut Avenue. Now, if this town was incorporated, Grand Avenue would be improved and made a link in the boulevard chain and the boulevard travel would be through this town instead of slipping off to Mission Road and avoiding this town altogether.

SCHOOL CENSUS OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

The local school census marshal, Harry E. Styles, has recently made his report, which shows 460 eligible school children in this school district. Owing to the painstaking and careful canvass of the marshal, this number exceeds last year's report by about 65 children and gives to our local school one additional teacher. The teachers have heretofore been overworked and the children necessarily unable to get attention individually required. But hereafter conditions will be better, and the teachers and pupils treated as they should be.

A Career Unfinished.

The late Campbell-Bannerman failed to accomplish more than the organization of a strong ministerial party out of the divided Liberal forces of England. The Boer war found the Liberals in opposition to the government, and it was a daring thing to counsel peace. The party had principles, convictions and even purposes, but could not openly and vigorously fight the government while the nation was engaged in a struggle which at first taxed all the national resources.

Although he attained to the premiership, Campbell-Bannerman failed to achieve any of the reforms which he had at heart and which he had promised should be the result of a Liberal victory at the polls. He might have succeeded had his strength been spared but something besides tact and amiability is needed in the leader of a party aiming to effect radical changes. Great reform movements must be aggressive as well as consistent and should immediately make better the conditions which they disturb. This is the task which the dying premier handed over to his successor.

SAN BRUNO ITEMS

Mrs. R. V. Kennedy, of Fruitvale, is visiting her cousins, the Misses Silva.

Don't forget the Leap Year dance at Tucker's Hall, Saturday evening, May 23d, Skidoo's birthday.

Mr. Russell and family have moved into their new home in Huntington Park.

Masks can be had at The Toggery for the masquerade, also children's shoes and babies' soft-sole shoes.

Mr. Allen Mahoney will give an operetta at Tucker's Hall on Friday night, May 29th, assisted by some of San Bruno's best talent.

Huntington Circle, No. 693, Women of Woodcraft, will give a masquerade at Tucker's Hall on Saturday evening, June 13th. Prizes to be given for the most comical dress and best costume. Come and have a good time.

Surpassing in brilliancy all other functions, was the dance and supper given by the Las Amigos Club on Tuesday evening last in Pioneer Hall. The occasion was the installation of officers for the next six months. The affair was strictly invitational. After the officers had been duly installed the dance began and continued until 11 o'clock when the members and their friends adjourned to the supper-room, where a well appointed menu awaited them. Speeches and toasts were the order of the feast and jollity reigned supreme till midnight when the banquet came to an end. The Huff Orchestra furnished music throughout the evening. Those present were: Misses Jean Kirk, Lovena Jeneiven, Bess Cody, Julia Jeneiven, Mercy Silva, Margaret Venable, Bess Kirk, Florence Lloyd, Alice Valentine, Edna Lloyd, Leila Walsh, Amelia Jeneiven, Lita Cody, Mrs. G. L. Walsh, Mrs. Jos Huff and Mrs. F. Harrington. Messrs. Bert Holmes, Rob. Silva, Bert DuBois, George Debenedetti, J. Myers, Al Valentine, Steuart Kirk, Frank Valentine, Dave Dower, Rob. Valentine, E. J. Williams, John Valentine, Joseph Huff, Gus Walsh and Frank Harrington.

The Inland Coast Waterway.

At last the projected inland waterway parallel to the Atlantic coast has been given definite shape. It is estimated that the cost of surveying the route from Massachusetts to North Carolina will be \$100,000, and the government is expected to conduct the work and furnish the money. Important links in this great water highway already exist. Long Island Sound, the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays and the Delaware River furnish channels extending more than half the distance. The canals in existence, notably the Raritan and Delaware and the Dismal Swamp canal, can be transformed without enormous expense to accommodate ships of a considerable size. The northern end of the chain is already being provided for in the Cape Cod canal. On the southern end the channels of the sounds can easily be improved to give access to Wilmington, the southern terminal fixed upon at present. Ultimately the route may be extended to the gulf of Mexico, but the first work is the links needed to connect Boston and Wilmington, and these offer the fewest difficulties.

An inventor claims to have discovered an infallible method of manufacturing diamonds at one-hundredth of their present cost. We do not believe that it is a favorable time for organizing a company to take it, however.

If it be true, as Mr. Cleveland has asserted, that 15,000,000 Americans carry life insurance policies, we can readily understand why we have so many merry widows in the country.

The Indiana man who led a double life on a salary of \$16 a week must seem like a wizard to the men who find it hard to live a single life on double that.

It's a poor sporting editor who can't find plenty of excuses for the errors made by the home team.

A Kansas City bridegroom fainted during the ceremony and was carried away from the altar; but the bride never flinched while the services continued. We think we can see from here who is going to be the boss in that household.

BRIEF AND BREEZY

"Frequently a man gets his start in life on the race track," asserts Senator Grady of New York. More frequently, though, the start is downward.

Harry Thaw ought to be interested in the fact that the homeopaths have secured enough lancehead snake virus to provide a cure for insanity for the next fifty years, although the remedy may not be infallible in cases like his.

"No woman," says the Florida Times-Union, "should trust her life's happiness to a man who kicks a dog." Quite right, for some day he is liable to kick a dog who will chew him up and leave her a widow.

The college professor who is to study lost races should not have left so soon. It will be some time before the Presidential returns are in.

Before going to war with Venezuela the United States should have some sort of guaranty that Venezuela will not be left on Uncle Sam's hands to have and to hold.

A Boston man who walked along Tremont street wearing a hat three feet high, ornamented with ribbons and feathers, was promptly arrested. In Boston, it seems, some attention is being paid to woman's rights.

The Philadelphia child that fell down stairs without waking is likely to add greatly to Philadelphia's fame as the center of somnolency.

The San Antonio Light reports that an Indian maiden named Annie Bigheart is searching for a husband. If Annie has a big wad to match her name she will not have to search very long.

BRILLIANT BAIT.

Gaudy Lures by Which Salmon and Trout Are Fooled.

No one except a fisherman or a fly dresser has the faintest conception of the enormous variety of materials used in the manufacture of flies, especially salmon flies.

Trout flies are made to resemble various real insects, but salmon flies have no likeness to anything that inhabits earth, air or water, and to this day no one knows why the king of fish is fool enough to snatch at the gaudy lures which are cast across the pools above his head.

Take such a well known salmon fly as the "silver doctor." The feathers of five different birds are used to build it—namely, those of the Indian crow, the blue jay, the pheasant, the turkey and the pintail duck. Silver wire, yellow floss silk, sky blue hackle and scarlet wool are also necessary for the tying of this fly.

There is hardly any brilliantly plumaged bird known whose feathers are not in demand for fly tying. Jungle fowl, blue chattering, scarlet ibis, bustard, swan, macaw, peacock, mallard, Indian roller, teal, wood duck, grouse, eagle and florican are only a few of those whose feathers are stowed away in the drawers of any fishing tackle manufacturer.

You will also find gold and silver wire, gold and silver tinsel, silk of every color under the sun, chenille of many different hues, worsted, mohair and fur of a number of different animals.

There is an artificial gray gnat used for trout fishing which is made partly of mouse whiskers and is in consequence.

Helping Him Out.

Borrows—I say, old man, I wish you would help me out today.

Busman—Haven't time to do it myself, but I'll call the porter. John, open the door and help the gentleman out.—Chicago News.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath, for occasions do not make a man frail, but show what he is.

Be as pleasant in your own home as you are in your neighbors'.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE

SOUTH CITY

TUESDAY . . . MAY 26, 1908

8:30 P. M.

NORMAN W. HALL presents

The Lyceum Stock Co.

OF CHICAGO

IN THE

**YOUNG
MRS.
WINTHROP**

A Play in Four Acts

Popular Prices . . 15c, 25c and 50c

An Insulting Parrot.

Bayard Taylor related the following about a parrot once owned by a lady in Chicago:

When the great fire was raging an owner saw that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects equally dear, the parrot and the old family Bible, and she could take but one. After a moment of hesitation she seized the Bible and was hastening away when the parrot cried out in a loud and solemn voice, "Good Lord, deliver us!" No human being could have been deaf to such an appeal. The precious Bible was sacrificed and the bird saved. He was otherwise a clever bird. In the house to which the parrot was taken there was, among other visitors, a gentleman rather noted for volubility. When the parrot first heard him it listened in silence for some time; then, to the amazement of all present, it said very emphatically, "You talk too much!"

The gentleman, at first embarrassed, presently resumed his interrupted discourse. Thereupon the parrot laid his head upon one side, gave an indescribably comical and contemptuous "H'm!" and added, "There he goes again!"

Test For Hydrochloric Acid.

A curious mishap gave us a very delicate test for hydrochloric acid in the atmosphere. In a north of England locality many houses have curtains of the cream color produced by metanil yellow, popularly known as "dolly" cream dye and to science as "the sodium salt of meta-amido-benzene sulphonic acid-azo-diphenyl-amine." Some of these cream colored curtains suddenly changed to heliotrope. Investigation showed that an accidental escape of hydrochloric acid from a neighboring alkali plant had discolored the curtains, and the dye became a most useful test.



Voice From Above—Catch hold of that rope, my good man.

My Good Man—Wot's up?

Voice From Above—I am, you silly ass.

Why He Was Suspicious.

"There is something suspicious about that," remarked the young man named Brown as he hung up the telephone receiver.

"About what?"

"Why, I just called up the home of a girl who has led me to believe that I am the warm favorite and that there are no others on her list. She wasn't at home, so the party who answered the ring said, but it gave me a jar when she added, 'Shall I tell her you called, Mr. White?'"—New York Press.

Navy Is Never Done.

A navy, like a railroad, is never done. There never comes the grateful moment when the work can be said to be finished and the sole task left to be discharged is that of operation. As the roadbed, track, equipment of a railroad must be constantly maintained and improved, so if there is to be any navy at all equipment must be constantly improved and brought up to date, even under the policy of "replacement and repair."—Boston Transcript.

A Distinction Without a Difference. Five-year-old Deborah had been invited to take luncheon at a restaurant with Miss K.

"Do you like cocoa?" she was asked. When the answer was "Yes," the beverage was duly brought, but remained untasted.

At last Miss K. said, "Why don't you drink your cocoa, Deborah, when you said you wanted it?"

"I didn't say I wanted it," replied the child politely. "I only said that I liked it."—Woman's Home Companion.

Naturally.

Towne—Sleep well?

Stubbs—Like a top—never lose a wink.

"Great Scott! What do you take?"

"An alarm clock to my room and then set the alarm for half an hour after I go to bed. As soon as it rings I naturally roll over and go to sleep!"—Pick-Me-Up.

To say "every one is talking about him" is a eulogy, but to say "every one is talking about her" is an elegy.—Anonymous.

RACE UP A MOUNTAIN

The Wonderful Feat of a Gaunt Kanaka Runner.

BEAT HALF A DOZEN HORSES

It Was a Terrific Test of Endurance, and the Sturdy Hawaiian Native Won Easily, Though Two of the Competing Horses Dropped Dead.

"Did any of you ever hear of a thirty-five mile steeplechase for man and beast?" inquired a California man in a party of turf followers when stories of queer bets and long shots were going around. "Well, there was an affair of that kind down in the Hawaiian bunch in the fall of 1883, when that genial gambler, Kalakaua, was king of the islands. There were no telephones joining the islands then, and state messages and mandates were carried by the interisland steamers and delivered by Kanaka runners. These runners could gallop all day, like American Indians in retreat or on the trail, and they didn't know what getting winded or tired meant.

"Kalakaua thought a good deal of these runners of his. He maintained that they could go faster and farther than horses over the Hawaiian country. In this he was disputed by a number of the white attaches of his court. Kalakaua wagered \$5,000 in gobs of \$1,000 with five of them that he would pick out a runner from among the Kanakas who'd get from Hilo to the top of the burning lake of Kilauea, a distance of thirty-five miles, quicker than any horse and any rider could do the trip. They snapped the king up at even money. It looked as if they had the good end of it. The king and a big party from Honolulu sailed in one of the interisland steamers to Hilo, on the main island of Hawaii, to see the finish.

"The king picked up a huge, lithe, sinewy Kanaka, a man about thirty years old, who had been employed as a runner on the island of Maui for a number of years, to try the trick for him. Eight Kanakas made the start a-horseback, on native ponies, bred away back from western cayuses—strong, sure footed, nippy tempered little demons, thoroughly used to the bad roads and the climbing. The king and his party had gone up to the Volcano House, at the top of Kilauea, in coaches the day before to be on hand to greet the winner.

"Now, I understand that that road from Hilo up to the burning lake of Kilauea has been improved since the time I'm speaking of, but it surely was a bad trail then. It was only wide enough for one wagon, and it was a forty-five degree affair in the climb all the way up. The palms that lined the road used to get blown across the trail by the score in big windstorms, and the coach drivers counted it a part of their business to jump from their seats every time they came to these obstructions and shoulder them out of the way. This work had all been attended to carefully, however, in advance of the race by order of Kalakaua, and it looked like a pipe for the cayuses, all of which had made the run up many a time.

"Kalakaua didn't ask for any handicap allowance for his man. The runner toed the scratch with the horses, and they got off together at the crack of the gun. The horses distanced the runner from the jump, and he let them distance him. He was dressed in a G string, and he just took up a steady lope and let the cayuses get out of his sight. For ten miles the cayuses were so far above him on the trail that he couldn't even see them, but this Kanaka knew how to wait.

"The horses began to come back to the runner long before the Halfway House was reached, and the Kanaka was just galloping along at the beginning of the third hour, with the same big stride he had started in with, his arms up and shooting out in front of him like soldiers on the double time drill. There wasn't a pant in him when he fetched up at the Halfway House. He stooped down there to a spring beside the road and took a couple of mouthfuls of water. The cayuses were up ahead a bit, blowing their heads off, for they had been going at a clip that they had never been pushed to before.

"The Kanaka headed the bunch a mile beyond the Halfway House, and it was a big romp for him the rest of the distance. He took a position for the remaining seventeen miles of the journey about a city block ahead of the writhing and parting horses, and he just stuck to his lope like a man wound up. He never let 'em get nearer than a block to him for the remaining three hours of the trip, looking back at them, with a grin, once in awhile. When only three miles yet remained before the Volcano House was to be reached, the Kanaka took another drink out of a spring and began to draw away. The

Kanaka riders whipped and spurred their horses, but it was no good. The Kanaka runner disappeared out of their sight on the tortuous trail, and when six of the cayuses pulled up at the hotel veranda about three-quarters of an hour later the runner was sitting on the steps, fanning himself and drinking saki. Two of the horses had dropped dead in their final effort.

"The Kanaka made the thirty-five mile trip over sticks and stones on a miry road in 6 hours and 40 minutes, and he looked fit to run for his life when he got through."—Washington Post.

DOG INTELLIGENCE.

The Clever "Malamutes" That Carry the Mails in Alaska.

The Eskimo begins to train his dog for sledge work before it is a month old. One of the most interesting features of Eskimo villages are puppies tied to the pole of a tent. They pull on the rope with all their puppy strength in the effort to break away and join in the frolics of their elders.

Not until a dog bred for mail service is one year old is it put in training for the trail. It begins by running ten miles with the team; then it is dropped out. Next day it runs the same distance. Gradually the distance is increased until it reaches its fifteenth month of life, when it becomes part of the regular service. The life of a mail dog is from three to four years. No greater punishment can be inflicted than to lay a dog off from service. When unruly they are often threatened with a lay-off, and with almost human intelligence they seem to understand the disgrace it implies in the eyes of their fellow workers on the trail. All fight to be leaders. A constant spur to an unambitious dog is the "outsider," who will quickly take away the leadership not only in the mail service, but in teams maintained chiefly for the pleasure of the sport. The intelligence of the malamute is remarkable, its scent wonderful, its instinct, as a rule, unerring.

Some dogs are better trail followers than others, as some are better leaders. In a blizzard the best of them lose the trail, but invariably find it. When on the trail they never eat but once a day, then at the end of a journey. After feeding, like weary children, they fall asleep and are never quarrelsome. It takes on an average twenty pounds of food a day for a team of eleven dogs on a hard route.—Lida Rose McCabe in St. Nicholas.

The Dinner Table.



"Two, four, six, eight, ten—gracious! Ten people at dinner, and I get helped last!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Dublin Bootblacks, 1780.

Among the populace of Dublin in 1780 the shoeblacks were a numerous and formidable body. The polish they used was lampblack and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife called a spud, a painter's brush and an old wig. A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoeblack sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. The gentleman put his foot in the lap of the shoeblack without ceremony, and the artist scraped it with his spud, wiped it with his wig and then laid on his composition as thick as black paint with his painter's brush. The stuff dried with a rich polish, requiring no friction and little inferior to the elaborated modern fluids, save only the intolerable odors exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry and sometimes even tainted the air of fashionable drawing rooms. Polishing shoes, we should mention, was at this time a refinement almost confined to cities, people in the country using grease.

When a girl puts a man off by saying she will keep a little place in a corner of her heart for him he may be sure that it is a corner for which she doesn't expect to have much use.—Chicago Record-Herald.

ELECTION CALENDAR.

The attention of voters is called to the following general election calendar for 1908:

Registration of voters commences on January 1st and closes September 23d. Transfers from one precinct to another ceases on October 8th.

The last day to be naturalized in order to register is August 5th.

Time for filing nominations with the Secretary of State is: Party—Between September 4th and 24th. Independent—Between September 4th and 29th.

Time for filing with the County Clerk: Party—Between September 14th and October 3d. Independent—Between September 14th and October 3d. Time for filing with Clerks of other counties where county is part of district for some offices, County Clerk must certify certificate with clerks of such other counties comprising district October 7.

County Clerk must send list of all nominations to chairman of County Committees of each party October 19.

The last day to fill vacancies on State and County tickets is October 3.

The last day to withdraw from the ticket is October 3.

Appoint election officers and designate polling places not later than October 9th.

Publish names of election officers five times daily after October 27th, or twice weekly before day of election.

Before October 9th—Arrange registration affidavits for each precinct alphabetically and bind the same.

October 14th—Prepare index to affidavits for each precinct and have same printed.

October 24th—Publish proclamation for five days before this date.

October 24th—Commence the mailing of sample ballots, instruction to voters and constitutional amendments.

October 30—Finish mailing same.

November 3, 1908—Election day; polls open at 6 a. m. and close at 6 p. m.

November 9th—Supervisors will commence canvass of returns and continue daily until completed.

On the completion of canvass by the Supervisors, the clerk must enter results on records of board, issue certificates of election, send necessary abstracts to other County Clerks and Secretary of State, etc.

To RENT—A four-room, furnished cottage on Baden Avenue, \$18. Inquire E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice, for particulars.

You will find the largest assortment of ribbons at Schneider's.

Suits cleaned, pressed and repaired at E. W. Langenbach's.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO will be held at its office at South San Francisco, in the County of San Mateo, State of California, on the 28th day of May, 1908, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, for the election of seven directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

C. F. HAMSHER, Secretary.

May 9-14

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

TIPPECANOE TRIBE No. 111, I. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting Bros. welcome.

John Guerra, Sachem.
Geo. E. Keissling, Keeper of Records.

SOUTH CITY AERIE No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Wednesday evening in Metropolitan Hall at 8 p. m. A. McSweeney, Worthy President. Harry Edwards, Secretary. Visiting brothers welcome.

WHITE EAGLE CIRCLE No. 56, U. A. O. D., meets every Monday night in Metropolitan Hall.

Mrs. Nellie Wight, Arch Druidess. Miss Mary McDonald, Sec.

SAN MATEO LODGE, No. 7, JOURNEYMEN BUTCHERS, P. and B. A., meets every first and third Mondays in Metropolitan Hall, at 8 p. m.

CHAS. HEDLUND, President
J. SULLIVAN, Secretary

FURNITURE REPAIRED

Keys Fitted, General Jobbing Work Done by J. L. WOOD
Drop card in Post Office.

PETITION

FOR THE

INCORPORATION

OF THE

City of South San Francisco

To the Honorable the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California:

The petition of the undersigned respectfully shows and represents unto your Honorable Board as follows, to-wit:

That we, the undersigned, in number more than fifty, are all qualified electors of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and all of us are residents within the limits and boundaries hereinafter set forth and proposed for the municipal corporation herein named and proposed to be incorporated;

That the lands and premises and district contained within the boundaries hereinafter set forth and described are situated in, and constitute a portion of the County of San Mateo, State of California;

That said district contains, and there reside within the boundaries of said proposed corporation, which boundaries are hereinafter mentioned, less than three thousand (3000) inhabitants, to-wit: Twenty-nine hundred and fifty (2950) inhabitants, as nearly and precisely as can be ascertained by your petitioners;

That the lands and premises and district contained within said boundaries are not incorporated as a municipal corporation, and form no part of any municipal corporation;

That the name which we desire said municipal corporation to have and bear, is as follows, to-wit: CITY OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

That the boundaries of the land and premises within the boundaries of said district, which we wish to incorporate, and for the organization of which we ask, are as hereinafter set forth, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the old Mission Road, where the southeasterly line of the Tomasse Cresta 90.11 Acre Tract intersects said road and running thence north-easterly along the southeasterly line of said Tomasse Cresta 90.11 Acre Tract to the southeasterly line of the land of the Crocker Estate, thence south-easterly along the southeasterly line of the lands of the Crocker Estate to the north-westerly corner of the land of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, thence north-easterly and north-easterly along the north-easterly boundary line of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company's land to the easterly line of the San Bruno Road; running thence north-easterly along the easterly line of San Bruno Road to the north-westerly corner of lot number eighteen (No. 18) of section fifteen (15) Township three (3) South Range Five West (S. R. 5 W.); running thence due east along the northerly line of lots number seventeen (17) and eighteen (18) of said section fifteen (15) and along the northerly line of lots numbered twenty-four (24), twenty-three (23) and twenty-two (22) of section fourteen (14) and to the center of section fourteen (14) Township three (3) South Range Five West (S. R. 5 W.); thence due east to the line separating the counties of Alameda and San Mateo; thence running southerly along said line separating the counties of Alameda and San Mateo to a point due east (E) of the extension of the northern boundary line of section thirty-six (36) Township three (3) South Range Five West (S. R. 5 W.); running thence due west (W) to the north-easterly corner of the W. F. and T. L. Co. Eighty (80) Acre Tract of said section thirty-six (36); running thence due west along the north section line of sections thirty-six (36), thirty-five (35) and thirty-four (34) of said Township three (3) South Range Five West (S. R. 5 W.) to the north-easterly corner of the E. B. Mastie 99.31 Acre Tract; running thence south-westerly along the north-easterly line of the said E. B. Mastie 99.31 Acre Tract and the extension thereof to a point where said extension would intersect the westerly line of the Southern Pacific Company's right of way; running thence north-easterly along the westerly line of the Southern Pacific Company's right of way to a point where said extension would intersect the westerly line of the Tanforan Race Tract; running thence north-easterly along the easterly line of the old Mission Road; running thence north-easterly along the easterly line of the old Mission Road to a point one mile distant from the intersection of the northerly boundary line of the Tanforan Race Tract with the easterly line of the old Mission Road; thence due west and across said old Mission Road to the westerly line of the said old Mission Road; thence running north-easterly along the westerly line of the old Mission Road to a point due west of the point of beginning; thence due east across said old Mission Road to the point of beginning;

WHEREFORE, We, your petitioners, pray, that all of the said County of San Mateo, included within the aforesaid boundaries be incorporated as a municipal corporation, to be known as, have and bear the corporate name of the City of South San Francisco, as aforesaid, and that your Honorable Board take such action and proceedings as may be required to incorporate said municipal corporation and City of SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, under the provisions of and as provided by, by an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled, "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Government of Municipal Corporations," approved March 13th, 1883. (Statutes of 1883, page 93, and the amendments thereto.)

Respectfully submitted,

Dated: South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, March 23, 1908.

W. J. Martin, T. L. Hickey, J. E. Rogers, John Neills, J. Jorgensen, J. L. Wood, J. C. McGovern, W. Rehburg, J. A. Plymire, Harry Johnson, F. A. Martin, John Vacari, M. A. Guerra, M. F. Healy, Wm. Kelly, D. B. Plymire, P. J. Murphy, Harry Edwards, Edward M. Barnes, E. W. Langenbach, E. H. Hickey, John Lawrence Debenedetti, Henry Wm. Kneese, L. G. Swarthout, T. E. Haynes, E. Cady, Wm. Atkins, J. W. Smith, Daniel McSweeney, E. E. Alvise, J. R. Luttrell, W. L. Hickey, W. C. Schneider, John Vitgech, Joseph Massot, A. Sorenson, M. Carlos, John F. Callinan, James Carmody, H. G. Tracie, A. Saunders, A. McSweeney, J. O. Snyder, E. L. Woodman, E. E. Cunningham, S. A. Coombes, H. S. Werner, Peter Lind, Frank Knowles, Harry E. Styles, P. L. Kauffmann, F. A. Cunningham, Geo. F. McDonald, H. G. Plymire, L. E. Rollins, Thomas March, Bressnan, Z. W. Rollins, Chas. A. McGrail, A. P. Miller, Antoni Quilla, E. W. Brownstone, F. R. Tenague, C. N. Robb, Wm. F. Brooks, M. LeGrande, H. Gaerdes, E. E. Dean, D. Clements, John Fischer, Dennis J. O'Neil.

State of California) ss.
County of San Mateo)

W. J. Martin, E. E. Cunningham and J. O. Snyder, being first duly sworn, each for himself, depose and say: That he signed the foregoing petition, and is one of the petitioners therein; that he has read the said petition and knows the contents thereof; that at all times mentioned in said petition, he was and still is a qualified elector of the County of San Mateo, and resident of the district, and within the boundaries which by the terms of the said petition, it is proposed to organize into a municipal corporation and to include the same; that he is familiar with said district and boundaries, and is well acquainted with the inhabitants thereof; that he is personally acquainted with each of the above petitioners and that the signatures to said petition are the genuine signatures of said petitioners severally and respectively; that he knows and therefore avers the fact to be that at least fifty of the signers are now, and at the time when they severally signed the said petition were qualified electors of said County of San Mateo, and do now, and at said time, did reside within the limits of

the proposed corporation, and within the boundaries, and set forth in said petition; that the portion of said County of San Mateo contained within the said boundaries has now, and at all said time, did have more than five hundred (500) inhabitants; that he is informed and believes, and upon his information and belief, avers the truth and fact to be, that all the statements and allegations set forth and contained in said petition are true.

W. J. MARTIN
E. E. CUNNINGHAM
J. O. SNYDER

[SEAL]
Subscribed and sworn to before me, the 30th day of March, 1908.
HARRY E. STYLES
Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the twentieth day of April, 1908, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the undersigned can be heard, the foregoing petition and affidavit and this notice will be presented to the Honorable Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California, in open regular meeting of said Board at the Court House in Redwood City, in said County of San Mateo, State of California, for hearing and consideration by and before said Board of Supervisors, pursuant to law.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
HARRY E. STYLES
THOMAS L. HICKEY
THOMAS MASON

Signers of said Petition and Committee on behalf of Petitioners.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE EXECUTION

No. 15601

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF SAN MATEO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA. ss.
C. A. Hooper and George W. Hooper, partners under firm name of C. A. Hooper & Co., vs. C. W. Kinsman.

BY VIRTUE of an execution issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, of the State of California, wherein C. A. Hooper and George W. Hooper, partners under the firm name of C. A. Hooper & Co., Plaintiffs, and C. W. Kinsman, Defendant, upon a judgment rendered the 3d day of February A. D., 1904, for the sum of Twenty-four Hundred Ninety-eight and Forty Five One Hundredths Dollars (\$2498.45), in gold coin of the United States, besides costs and interest, I have this day levied upon all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant, C. W. Kinsman, of, and to the following described Real Estate, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the County of San Mateo, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot eight (8), block One Hundred and Fifty-nine (159) Abbey Homestead.
Therefore notice is given that I will on Saturday, the 23d day of May A. D., 1908, at 11 o'clock a. m., of said day, in front of the Court House door of the County of San Mateo, in the City of Redwood City in said county, sell to the highest bidder at PUBLIC AUCTION for gold coin of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant, C. W. Kinsman, of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs.

ROBERTS, CHATHAM, Sheriff.
By F. T. BARTLETT, Under Sheriff.
Dated at Redwood City this 24th day of April, A. D., 1908.

May 2-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Julius Kuhlmann, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of Harry E. Styles, Grand Avenue, South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said county of San Mateo, State of California.

H. G. PLYMIRE,
Administrator of the estate of Julius Kuhlmann, deceased.
Dated at Redwood City, Cal., April 25, 1908.

H. E. STYLES and J. T. O'Keefe, attorneys for said Administrator.

May 2-5

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SEA AND LAND.

The Way They Meet and Clash and Finally Harmonize.

In "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Velma Swanston Howard, is the following pretty description of how sea and land meet:

You see that sea and land can meet in many different ways. In many places the land comes down toward the sea with flat, tufted meadows, and the sea meets the land with flying sand, which piles up in mounds and drifts. It appears as though they both disliked each other so much that they only wished to show the poorest they possessed. But it can also happen that when the land comes toward the sea it raises a wall of hills in front of it, as though the sea were something dangerous. When the land does this, the sea comes up to it with fiery wrath and beats and roars and lashes against the rocks and looks as if it would tear the land hill to pieces.

But in Blekinge it is altogether different when sea and land meet. There the land breaks itself up into points and islands and islets, and the sea divides itself into fords and bays and sounds, and it is perhaps this which makes it look as if they must meet in happiness and harmony.

Think now first and foremost of the sea! Far out it lies desolate and empty and big and has nothing else to do but to roll its gray billows. When it comes toward the land it happens across the first obstacle. This it immediately overpowers, tears away everything green and makes it as gray as itself. Then it meets still another obstacle. With this it does the same thing. And still another—yes, the same thing happens to this also. It is stripped and plundered as if it had fallen into robbers' hands. Then the obstacles come nearer and nearer together, and then the sea must understand that the land sends toward it her littlest children in order to move it to pity. It also becomes more friendly the farther in it comes, rolls its waves less high, moderates its storms, lets the green things stay in cracks and crevices, separates itself into small sounds and inlets and becomes at last so harmless in the land that little boats dare venture out upon it. It certainly cannot recognize itself, so mild and friendly has it grown.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A Display of Courtesy "In Memory of Old Virginia."

All the seats were taken in the car which I entered one morning in early April. An old colored man sat next the door. It is not often in these days that I see that type of black man. I used to see that kind on the old Virginia plantation, where he was "Ung Lige" or "Ung Sambo" to all the household.

His days were devoted to useful toil and his evenings to his banjo and the old plantation melodies that no one can ever sing again as musically as they were sung then.

"Take this seat, mistis," he said, rising promptly. "Mistis" sounded very "homey" and pleasant to me. It had been so long since I was "mistis" to anybody.

"Thank you, uncle," said I. "Keep your seat. I would just as lief stand." "Scuse me, please, mistis, but 'tain't fitten fer you ter stan'; you mus' set," he admonished respectfully.

I took the seat, thanking him for his courtesy. Soon a departing passenger left a vacancy.

"There is a seat for you," I said to the old man.

"Between the ladies, ma'am?" He hesitated.

"Yes," I said.

He bowed apologetically to right and left and took the vacant place. Just before leaving the car I slipped a silver piece into his hand, saying, "Uncle, get you a nice luncheon with this—in memory of old Virginia."

"Thank you, my mistis," he said, opening his hand to look at the little gift and then closing it. I left the car with a sunnier feeling in my heart because of the chance meeting, but with no thought that I should ever again hear of my old Virginian.

That afternoon I received a bunch of arbutus which had been left for me by an old colored man—"fer the tall lady with a long blue coat an' white hair—in memory of ole Virginia an' dem old time days."—Lippincott's Magazine.

An Episode In Court.

"You are charged with snatching a woman's pocketbook."

"I know it, judge. But I wouldn't do such a thing, hungry and broke as I am."

"Too conscientious, I suppose?"

"No. I don't pretend that. But why should I snatch a woman's pocketbook? What would I want with a couple of car tickets, a powder rag, a piece of chewing gum and a dressmaker's address?"

Once more a shrewd criminal over-shot his mark. His familiarity with the contents convicted him.—Washington Star.

HER NEWSPAPER DAD.

He Isn't Always Cross; Sometimes He Is Positively Jubilant.

Newspaper daddies are funny, I think. Mine's one. He's funniest at breakfast, only it isn't breakfast, 'cause it's lunch, and that's another funny thing about it.

"Where's 'smornin's paper?" he asks mamma the first thing when he comes downstairs. And then when she looks sort of childishly at him 'cause he's a little gruff he hurries up and says, "Good morning, everybody," just as though he felt kind-a 'shamed of himself.

And then he won't talk when he gets his old paper. He just sticks his nose into it and looks at one page after another just as fast as he can, and then he begins all over again and does it slower and keeps still for quite awhile.

Then mamma and I wait for an explosion.

"Ijits!" he says. "They couldn't spell 'cat' right."

Then he goes chafing from one page to another as fast as ever he can, talking to himself, and when he's got real mad 'he shoots at mamma: "They buried it! See. They buried it back there—way back there, of course, and it's the best story in the paper!"

Then mamma says, quiet, like a calm after a storm, "Come, dear, your coffee 'll get cold."

But he's more like a bear than a dear, and he doesn't come, but he keeps on growling at the old paper. I guess he finally gets tired of himself, too, and then he jumps up, throws the paper on the chair and tries to dodge mamma's funny smile.

Mamma's awfully patient, I think, and she never gets mad, but just smiles and smiles at caddy when he gets cross at things. Sometimes she asks him why he wants to keep on being a newspaper man if it's so awful. One time he answered and said it was because if he kept on working sixteen hours a day maybe the office would some time give him as much as the stereotyper gets for working eight hours a day. Mamma said that was sarcasm. I guess he thinks sarcasm must be a good thing for the office, 'cause he most always talks that way about it.

But newspaper daddies aren't always cross. Sometimes mine hurries downstairs a whole lot earlier, and then when he grabs the paper he smiles all over and shouts at mamma:

"See that story? That's a clean scoop, and a bully one! That's worth living for! And, say, won't the fellows on the old Bugle feel sore, though!"

"I tell you," he says then, "one day like that is worth a bicycle of Cathay," whatever that is.

And then mamma looks at me and smiles, 'cause we both think he's funny sometimes.—Des Moines (Ia.) Register.

Gladstone's Eccentric Attire.

Mr. Gladstone cared little about personal appearance, and had it not been for the loving care of Mrs. Gladstone his dress at times would scarcely have been in keeping with the dignity of his position.

"During one of the Midlothian campaigns," Mr. Lucy in "Memories of Eight Parliaments" informs us, "when he was a guest of Dalmeny he daily wore an ancient, short cut, much frayed cape of the kind Shem, Ham and Japheth might have worn when they took their walks abroad before the flood necessitated the ark. It was compact, of a cheap, shoddy material called, I believe, vicuna. It was in vogue, among other monstrosities of fashion, in early Victorian days. This was probably the only specimen left in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Even it could not debase or disguise the native majesty of Gladstone's presence."

England's Lion.

The British lion means so much to us all that it seems almost treason to suggest that he is after all not the terrible wild fowl (to quote Bottom) that foreigners think him, but, sad to say, this is so. For in the older armorial bearing of England our lion is a leopard. It was all the fault of the early heralds of France, from whom our arms seem to have been derived. According to them, the lions passant and gardant of the arms of the kings of England were either lions leoparded or lions maned. The omission of the mane, in rude tricking, would reduce them to leopards, and this our lions originally were. The Emperor Frederick, in choosing his presents to our Henry III., so construed, according to Matthew Paris, our royal shield, "In quo tres leopardi transeunt figurantur"—that is, in which three leopards, stalking, are figured. Thus Henry seems to have had no reason to be annoyed when the emperor sent him the wrong emblematic beasts.—Pearson's Weekly.

"Bliggins thinks he knows more than anybody else on earth."

"You state it mildly," answered Miss Cayenne. "Since the assertion that Mars is inhabited he goes further than that."—Washington Star.

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THE INGENUITY OF AGATHA

Continued from Page 2

dren, what's goin' on here?" he asked sharply.

There was a little shriek of surprise from Agatha, and Hiram made a flying leap down the hillside. But there seemed to be absolutely no way of escape for poor, brave Agatha. How-



"YOU'VE WON TWO SUITS FAIR, AND SQUARE."

ever, she just leaned against the bank of earth, with her hands still grasping the pick, and her head bare to the night breeze. The long line of newly dug earth which stretched away up the hillside showed the astonished farmer that a new trench was being dug from the other large spring to the end of the pipe which supplied the village with water.

"Oh, Mr. Hankins," Agatha cried, as something very much like a sob found its way along with her words, "I hope you will not be angry with Hiram and me, will you? It's all my fault anyway. I couldn't bear to think of letting that miserable old lawsuit go on about the trough. It has worried all of us most to death. I guess I have studied mostly all the books in the city, and finally I thought I would just get to work at it myself and use a little common sense. It seemed to me that there must be some reason why the water wouldn't run up into your water trough, and I made up my mind that if there could be a little more pressure back of the other spring that would be all that was needed. So Hiram and I have been digging this ditch. We have the pipe laid down as far as we have gone, and now we are almost to the spring. If you only hadn't come so soon!" And as Agatha spoke she turned her face away and dropped the pick.

"Come, father, won't you go back to bed and let us finish the job?" Hiram asked, after recovering his surprise. "We'll have the water running into the trough in less than half an hour. All we have to do is to make the connections between the pipes to the lower spring."

"You go to bed yourself! I'll not think of letting Agatha dig here in this dark ditch any longer!" And Farmer Hankins sprang down into the ditch, lifting her gently out of the narrow quarters in which she had been working so heroically. In a few minutes the job was completed, and the two pipes were joined by Hiram, who had provided himself with a rude kit of tools for that purpose. Then all three of them hastened down to the water trough in Farmer Hankins' barnyard. Agatha turned the faucet, her fingers trembling a little as she did so. A gurgle of joy greeted their ears, and a moment later the water came trickling through the pipe and then fairly gushed out in a stream. So that Agatha's ingenuity had solved the problem which had defied the knowledge and skill of the water commissioner and all the rest of the wise men who had made the unsuccessful attempts to run the water up through Farmer Hankins' water pipe. All three stood watching the water pouring out of the faucet for a few moments in silence. Then Farmer Hankins took Agatha by the hand and said: "Now you go home, little girl, and get a good night's rest. You've won two suits fair and square."

And that was the end of the trouble, but the town officials rewarded Hiram and Agatha for this little act, which avoided so much trouble and unpleas-

antness, when a few months later they set up the family hearthstone.

At the next meeting of that august body one of the officials made a motion "that a pipe line be laid from the village main to the farmyard of this worthy young couple and supply water for their stock free for all time, with a faucet at the back kitchen door within easy reach of the charming mistress." And the motion was passed and agreed to without a dissenting voice.

VALUE OF PUBLICITY.

Steve Brodie, the Bridge Jumper, as a Self Advertiser.

Curiously enough, the man who, in my opinion, had the keenest intuition of the value of publicity and used it to the greatest personal advantage, when we consider his humble beginnings and the limited sphere of his endeavor, never really knew how to read and write. I knew him first as a young street urchin, making his living by selling newspapers, blacking boots, running errands and doing such odd jobs as fell in his way, and it was chiefly through selling newspapers, whose headlines alone he was barely able to decipher, that he gained that knowledge of what Park row calls "news values," which one finds in every train-

and efficient city editor. It was on the strength of this knowledge that this bootblack went one day to a well known wholesale liquor dealer on the east side and proposed that he should establish him in a saloon on lower Bowery. The liquor dealer was aghast at his presumption until he learned his scheme; then he capitulated at once, and within a few days the papers had been signed and twenty-four hours' option secured on rickety and, from nearly every imaginable point of view, undesirable premises near Canal street and directly under the noisiest and dustiest and oiliest part of the elevated railroad. This done, the bootblack made his way to the very center of the Brooklyn bridge, climbed hastily to the top of the parapet and, heedless of the warning shouts of the horrified onlookers and the swift rush of a panting cop, dropped into the seething waters below.

It was an unknown youth with an earning capacity of a few dollars a week who disappeared beneath the surface of the East river, but it was an enterprising young man, an east side celebrity, in fact, all ready for the divine oil of publicity and with an assured income and possible fortune in his grasp, whose nose reappeared very shortly above the muddy surface of the water and who was helped by willing and officious hands into a rowboat, where dry clothing awaited him, together with hearty congratulations on the fact that he alone, of all those who had attempted to jump the bridge, had escaped with his life. The next day the name of Steve Brodie was flashed from one end of the country to the other, and within a very few hours after his discharge from custody—he was arrested on the charge of trying to take his own life—he was standing behind his own bar, serving drinks to the crowds who came to gape at Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, and to pour their money into his coffers.—James L. Ford in Success Magazine.

He Knew Something.



Guest—Here, waiter, this steak is absolutely vile. I won't pay for it. Where is the proprietor?

Waiter—He's gone out to lunch, sir.

A Great Lawyer's Method.

Writing of "Civilian Leaders of the Confederacy" in the Louisville Courier-Journal, John Goode says of Judah P. Benjamin:

"The first time I met him we discussed the practice of law, and in the course of the conversation he asked me what we considered a good fee in my part of the country, to which I replied that we considered \$500 a very respectable fee. He smiled and said: 'When I practiced law in New Orleans if a man employed me I charged him a retainer. If he came about the office much I charged him a reminder, when I had done some work in the case I charged him a refresher, and when it was all over I charged him a finisher.'"

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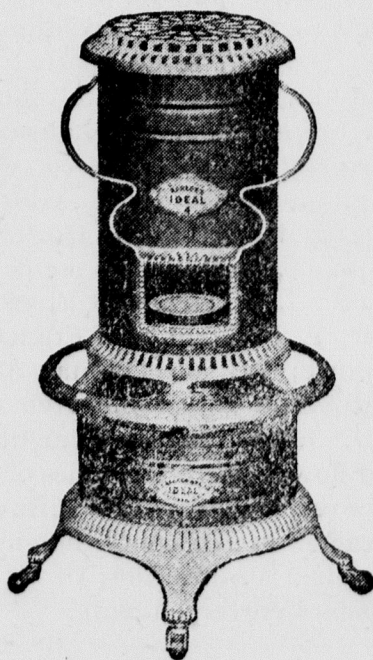
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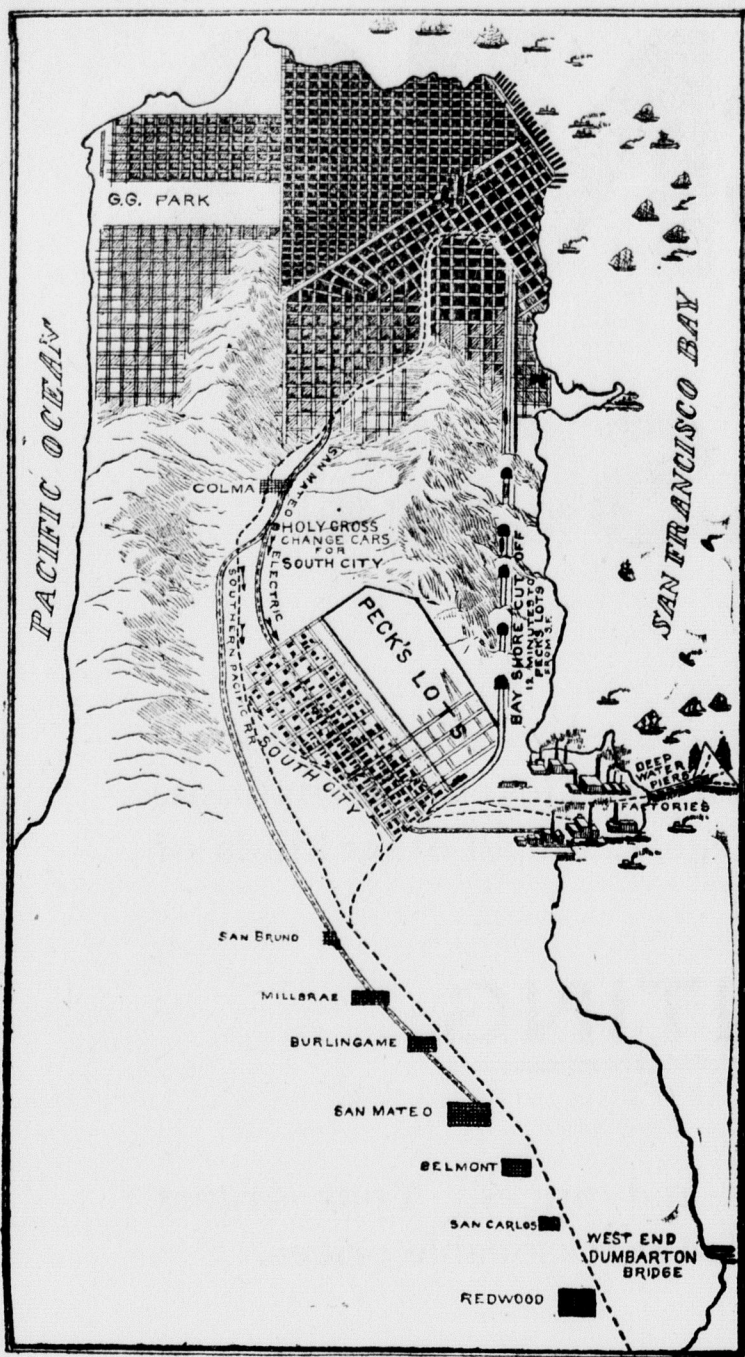
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ENJOYABLE TRIP ON OCEAN SHORE ROAD

A Party of San Mateo County Officials Visited Farallone City, the Present Terminus, and Moss Beach Last Sunday.

Last Sunday a party of San Mateo County officials made a very enjoyable trip over the new Ocean Shore Railroad to Farallone City, the present terminus, and Moss Beach, a short distance south.

The party consisted of the following gentlemen: Supervisor J. Eikerenkotter, Treasurer P. P. Chamberlain, Tax Collector C. L. McCracken, Assessor C. D. Hayward, County Clerk Joseph H. Nash, Recorder John F. Johnston, Auditor Henry Underhill and Justice A. McSweeney. The party was accompanied by School Trustee Thos. Mason and a representative of THE ENTERPRISE.

The party boarded the Ocean Shore cars at Ocean View about 9 o'clock in the morning.

The train, which was composed of a locomotive and several passenger and flat cars, was crowded with excursionists, who were out for a good time. In a few minutes the train was climbing and winding around the coast hills to the west of Colma.

The day was a beautiful one and the atmosphere clear on the Pacific Ocean where a person could see for many miles.

Just before the train reached San Pedro, the Pacific fleet of war vessels were seen coming out through the Golden Gate on its way to Santa Barbara Channel. The train stopped at the San Pedro station several minutes and a splendid view was had of the fleet as it approached from the north.

After leaving San Pedro the train passed through the only tunnel on the road, which is in the shape of a half-circle.

After passing through the tunnel it was soon realized what a tremendous undertaking it has been to build the

road along the precipitous heights of the San Pedro mountains. There is surely no place in the world where the scenic effect is grander.

Here and there along the route several new towns are springing up and quite a lot of building is going on.

Many of the excursionists left the train at San Pedro and other places along the road, but the greater part continued on to Farallone City and Moss Beach.

Here the Pacific fleet was viewed while it passed along.

The county officials, after leaving the train at this point, walked to Moss Beach, where they were soon taken in hand by host J. F. Wienke, who located at Moss Beach and built the Moss Beach House in 1881, and where he and his family have lived ever since.

The location is an ideal one for either a Winter or Summer resort, surrounded as it is by hundreds of cypress trees and shrubbery.

At the center of the grounds a large American flag was flying from a tall pole and was dipped several times in honor of the passing fleet which responded in a similar manner.

Mr. Wienke invited his official guests into his residence where they partook of refreshments and rested awhile. Shortly after, they were seated at a long table, where a splendid banquet was served and was eaten with great relish, as the party all had their appetites with them.

During the feast, toasts were drunk to the health of Messrs. Wienke and Smith, who have cut up the land in that vicinity and are offering it to the public for suburban home sites.

At the close of the banquet the party proceeded a short distance to a bluff where rustic benches are placed, and also where a splendid view can be had of the Pacific Ocean, with its passing ships, and the rocks close in shore where seals can be seen catching fish for food. Fish of several kinds can be caught here with pole and line at low tide. This is also a good place to catch abalones.

Many people from Half Moon Bay, which is about seven miles to the south, came to Farallone City, among them being Supervisor Joseph Debenedetti.

After spending a very pleasant afternoon the official party took the return train at 3:40 and arrived at their homes before dark.

LINDEN HOTEL IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS

The Linden Hotel and Restaurant has been completely remodeled and is now being conducted by its new proprietors I. L. Matkovich and N. Miljas, formerly of the Lodge Cafe, who intend to run the hotel in a first-class manner. The restaurant will be run under both American and European plans.

The dining room, private boxes, kitchen, pantry and storeroom have been modernly equipped, and everything has been arranged to please the most fastidious.

A bar is connected with the hotel and the best of wines, liquors and cigars are kept on hand.

CALIFORNIA INVENTORS

The following patents were issued this week to California inventors, reported by D. Swift & Co., patent lawyers, Washington, D. C.: T. M. Anderson, San Francisco, clothes-hanger; F. E. Bosworth, San Francisco, wave-pumping apparatus; C. E. Glidden, Sisson, plug driver; I. L. Greenblatt, San Francisco, combined envelope and letter sheet; G. W. Ingersoll, Stockton, harvester; T. P. Reid, San Francisco, puzzle purse; W. M. Thomas, Santa Cruz, automatic adjustable arch construction; J. B. Tuttle, Claremont, fruit and flower picker. Copies of any of the above patents will be furnished to our readers at ten cents each by D. Swift & Co., Washington, D. C., our special patent correspondents.

FOR SALE—Fine investment property. Big lot. Two dwellings. Pay 12 per cent gross on purchase price. Apply to E. E. CUNNINGHAM & Co., Postoffice Building.

FOR SALE—Modern house of six rooms near public school. Apply to E. E. Cunningham & Co., Postoffice Building.

NEW PERFECTING PRESS.

Does Away With Expense and Trouble of Stereotyping Forms

The cost and trouble of stereotyping are done away with by a new semi-rotary flat bed web perfecting press made by the Jackson Printing Press Company, Jackson, Mich. Designed to meet the requirements of papers whose business does not warrant a stereotyping plant, it is claimed that it will do the work of many offices which now stereotype.

The company sends the American Press the first number of the Semi-rotary Press, a twelve page sheet printed from one roll of paper, which shows excellent results. Many kinds of flat forms were used to print this sheet. Type faces, page forms of linotype, stereotype plates and wood base electroplates are employed in a random make-up to the full capacity of the press. Scattered throughout the various pages are many kinds of illustrations which are printed from the finest lined half tones, stereotype casts, electroplate reproductions and on down to hand engraved, zincotype and ordinary newspaper cuts and cartoons. The impressions show for themselves. The manufacturers say:

"The results of the tests of cut printing is indeed most gratifying and beyond what is ever expected or demanded of a newspaper press. When scanning the pages of the first issue and after considering the very many kinds of type faces and cuts used in simultaneous inking and printing, the impressions being pulled beneath soft packed cylinders, the achievement is remarkably fine and most gratifying to the management."

This new semi-rotary is an improvement in flat bed and cylinder web perfecting presses, and its object is to produce a press of simple construction and high speed, capable of printing newspapers of various sizes up to twelve pages and which can be constructed to print even larger papers if desired.

It is to be admitted by all who know the facts that only the rapid rotary stereotype presses can meet the wants of the large metropolitan dailies, but the same knowing persons will also as

promptly agree that publishers with daily circulations varying from 2,000 to 10,000 copies per issue can save from \$2,500 to \$3,000 per year by installing a "semi-rotary" flat bed web perfecting press, which cuts out the entire cost of all stereotyping and waste of metal required by the rotary presses.

Another most important item to be considered is the first cost of these machines. The expensive stereotyping plants which must go with every rotary press just double the price of the simple semi-rotary, which dispenses with all this mechanism and goes to press direct from the type or linotype forms, to say nothing of the floor space saved by the latter.

Hundreds of publishers of progressive newspapers are compelled to use stereotype presses and will gladly welcome the new candidate for the twelve page field.

Another feature whereby speed is enhanced is the peculiar arrangement of the type forms on the beds, with the columns running transversely of the beds and the pages end to end thereon. This not only shortens the travel of the bed, but enables the press to print four, eight or twelve pages from one web and also to split the web while running and assemble the split portions of the web before reaching the folder by simply giving each part of the web a quarter turn over angle bars, thus dispensing with the necessity of running webs over a cowcatcher or former before entering the folder.

The Army of Civil Servants.

The census bureau reports that Uncle Sam has 286,902 employees in the civil service of the government, a roll far greater than that of the army and navy combined. More than half of the number were required to pass competitive examination to secure appointments. Great strides have been made during the twenty years that this method of selecting men and women to do the routine work of the various departments of the national government has been in operation.

Aside from the postmasters and in some cases the laborers and mechanics, who number all told about 100,000, political influence counts for nothing in the appointment, retention or promotion of the national employee. The work of the government is growing complicated as well as extensive, and the question of fitness is highly important. Business cannot wait for the training of an army of recruits every four years.